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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 50/LDL K245 D

TX188

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

"THE HAPPINESS PATROL"

by

Graeme Curry

EPISODE TWO

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READTHROUGH: 14th July

1st STUDIO REHEARSAL: 15th - 25th July

STUDIO: 26th/27th/28th July

2nd STUDIO REHEARSAL: 1st - 9th August

STUDIO: 10th/11th August

"DOCTOR WHO" 7L - 'THE HAPPINESS PATROL' - EPISODE TWO

CAST:

THE DOCTOR  
ACE  
EARL  
KANDY MAN  
GILBERT M.  
HELEN A.  
DAISY K.  
SUSAN Q.  
PRISCILLA P.  
TREVOR SIGMA  
STAN S.  
SID S.  
JOSEPH C.  
ERNEST P.

NON SPEAKING:

HAPPINESS PATROL GUARDS  
DRONES  
AUDIENCE AT FORUM

HEARD, NOT SEEN:

PIPE PEOPLE

\* \* \* \* \*

SETS:

Kandy Kitchen  
Pipes  
Heien A's Suite  
Arcadia  
Happiness Patrol HQ  
Execution Yard  
Forum Square  
Street/Bluesy Street/Street with Fire Escape  
Second Street/Street next to Forum/Street outside Kandy Kitchen

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"DOCTOR WHO" 7L

'THE HAPPINESS PATROL'

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EPISODE TWO

(ALERE CLIFFHANGER)

1. INT. KANDY KITCHENS.

(THE KANDY MAN  
CLOSING IN  
ON THE DOCTOR  
AND EARL.

GILBERT M. INSPECTS  
A POT ON ONE OF THE  
STOVES)

GILBERT M: It's boiling over, Kandy Man.

KANDY MAN: Not now, Gilbert M.

GILBERT M: But the pan's boiling over.

THE DOCTOR: Ruins the flavour.

KANDY MAN: (TO GILBERT M.) It's not my pan. It's one of your pans.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
MOVING TOWARDS  
THE MANHOLE COVER  
IN THE FLOOR.

HE GESTURES FOR  
EARL TO FOLLOW)

GILBERT M: It's one of your special  
non-stick pans.

(THE DOCTOR SLIPS  
INTO THE MANHOLE)

KANDY MAN: Can't you see I'm busy?

GILBERT M: It's sticking.

(THE DOCTOR DISAPPEARS)

2. INT. PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR DROPPING  
DOWN FROM THE  
KANDY KITCHENS)

THE DOCTOR: What charming people,  
eh, Earl. Earl?

(EARL HASN'T  
FOLLOWED.)

THE DOCTOR IS  
ALONE)

3. INT. KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN,  
STRAPPING EARL  
INTO ONE OF  
A PAIR OF  
DENTIST-STYLE  
CHAIRS.

THE DOCTOR POPS  
UP FROM THE MANHOLE.  
THE KANDY MAN  
SEES HIM)

KANDY MAN: You've come back to the  
scene of my crimes.

THE DOCTOR: I've come back for my  
friend.

KANDY MAN: It's very simple. Your  
friend is going to die. Feel free  
to join him.

4. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. IS  
SEATED, FIFI, IS  
ON HER LAP.

HELEN A. STROKES  
FIFI AS SHE  
INTERROGATES ACE,  
STANDING BEFORE  
HER):

HELEN A: But we were so looking forward  
to your performance, weren't we, Fifi?

ACE: I didn't feel like it.

HELEN A: You didn't feel like  
auditioning for the Happiness Patrol?  
You didn't feel like dancing?

ACE: I hate dancing.

HELEN A: Well, Fifi, what are we  
going to do about Ace Sigma?

(FIFI SNARLS  
AND GROWLS  
HELD TIGHT BY  
HELEN A.

SHE SNAPS AND  
TRIES TO LUNGE  
FREE TO ATTACK  
ACE)

You mustn't worry about Fifi. She's  
only being friendly.

(HELEN A. CONTINUES  
STROKING FIFI)

Aren't you, my darling? (TO ACE)  
You're from one of the other planets,  
aren't you, Ace Sigma?

ACE: I'm from Earth.

(HELEN A.  
IGNORES THIS.  
FIFI GROWLS)

HELEN A: You're from Omega or Beta, your mission to spread discontent and dissension. Well, it won't work, Ace Sigma. My people are happy. They don't know the meaning of misery or despair and as long as I'm in charge, I'll make sure they never do.

(THERE IS A KNOCK  
ON THE DOOR)

Happiness will prevail. Come in if you're happy.

(SUSAN Q. IS  
BROUGHT IN BY  
DAISY K.)

Excellent. Where did you find her?

DAISY K: She was hiding in a doorway at the forum.

HELEN A: (TO SUSAN Q) You were hiding. So you were unhappy about something?

SUSAN Q: No.

HELEN A: You were unhappy that Ace Sigma had been caught.

SUSAN Q: No.

HELEN A: You helped her to escape.

SUSAN Q: No!

(SUSAN Q. COLLAPSES)

ACE: Why don't you leave her alone,  
Face-ache?

HELEN A: Take Ace Sigma away,  
Daisy K.

(DAISY K. GRABS  
ACE)

DAISY K: To death row?

HELEN A: Not yet. I haven't  
finished with her. But for the  
moment I'm more interested in this  
miserable creature.

SUSAN Q: I'm not miserable!

HELEN A: I think she's worked out  
that while she's still happy she's  
not breaking any laws. But there's  
a simple solution to that, isn't  
there, Daisy K?

DAISY K: Very simple.

HELEN A: We make her unhappy.

(FIFI GROWLS)

5. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL ARE STRAPPED  
INTO CHAIRS. GILBERT M.  
SUPERVISED BY THE  
KANDY MAN, IS  
MEASURING A LIQUID  
SUBSTANCE INTO  
TEST TUBES)

KANDY MAN: Twenty-five millilitres  
of Caramel Extract and fifteen  
millilitres of the new formula  
Vanilla Essence.

EARL: What's going on, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: I think the chef is  
trying out a new dish.

KANDY MAN: Comfortable, gentlemen?

THE DOCTOR: We've been here half an  
hour and we're still waiting for  
the hors d'oeuvre.

KANDY MAN: Believe me, Doctor, it's  
worth waiting for.

(GILBERT M. BRINGS  
HIM TWO TEST TUBES)

Temperature?

GILBERT M: Fifty-eight degrees.

KANDY MAN: Thank you, Gilbert. (cont..)

KANDY MAN: (cont) This is where you come in, gentlemen. The interesting part. The tasting.

THE DOCTOR: May we ask what it is?

KANDY MAN: A labour of love, Doctor, a labour of love.

THE DOCTOR: I didn't know you were the caring type.

KANDY MAN: Just because Helen A prefers my ugly side, that doesn't mean I don't care. Does it, Gilbert M.

(GILBERT M. IS  
BUSY)

(SUDDENLY FURIOUS) Gilbert M!

GILBERT M: No, no, of course not.

KANDY MAN: (CALM AGAIN) Thank you. And just because she employs me as her executioner doesn't mean I can't be creative.

EARL: Executioner?

KANDY MAN: No need to worry. Today you see before you the artistic, sensitive side of me. You see, I make sweets. But not just any old sweets. Sweets that are so good, so delicious that sometimes, if I am on form, the human physiology is not equipped to bear the pleasure. Tell them what I'm trying to say, Gilbert M.

GILBERT M: He makes sweets that kill people.

KANDY MAN: I think we'll start with the trumpeter.

6. EXT. BLUESY STREET. DAY.

(THE STREET IS DESERTED. THERE IS A DISTANT RHYTHMICAL DRUMMING. WENCES, A SMALL INTELLIGENT RODENT-LIKE CREATURE, POKE'S HIS HEAD UP THROUGH A MANHOLE AND SURVEYS THE STREET. THE DEMONSTRATION COMES ROUND THE CORNER. THE DRONES ARE ALL DRESSED IN BLACK SUITS AND MOVE VERY SLOWLY, TO THE SLOW DRUMBEAT, REMINISCENT OF A NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL.

TWO AT THE FRONT CARRY A BANNER: "FACTORY CONDITIONS ARE A JOKE". WENCES DISAPPEAR INTO THE MANHOLE. ACE IS FROGMARCHED INTO THE STREET BY DAISY K. AND ANOTHER HAPPINESS PATROL GUARD. THEY SEE THE DEMONSTRATION AND STOP NEXT TO WENCES' MANHOLE)

ACE: (HAPPILY) Evil! What's going on here?

(WENCES, CURIOUS POKE'S HIS HEAD UP THROUGH THE MANHOLE. THE OTHERS DO NOT SEE HIM)

DAISY K: It's of no consequence.

ACE: I'd say they were upset about something.

DAISY K: They're fools. They think they can achieve something with their march.

ACE: A demonstration! Wicked!

(WENCES IS DELIGHTED  
WITH ACE'S REACTION)

DAISY K: All they will achieve is their extinction.

ACE: So Helen A doesn't allow demos. I could have guessed as much.

DAISY K: Of course she allows demos. But these are killjoys. And worse than that, they're drones.

ACE: Drones?

DAISY K: Workers from the flatlands. It is forbidden for them to visit the city. And that's why they won't leave it alive.

ACE: You're scared of them, aren't you?

DAISY K: They will be dealt with in good time.

ACE: (SHOUTING TO THE DRONES) Up the killjoys! The drones united will never be defeated!

DAISY K: Silence!

(SHE CUFFS ACE)

ACE: Gordon Bennett!

(A GAG IS STUFFED  
INTO ACE'S MOUTH.  
SHE IS MARCHED  
AWAY. WENCES,  
WHO HAS SEEN  
ALL THIS, SLIPS  
DOWN A MANHOLE)

7. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(EARL IS NOW  
SLUMPED IN HIS  
CHAIR WITH A  
BEATIFIC GRIN ON  
HIS FACE.

GILBERT M.  
HAS LEFT)

THE DOCTOR: He looks as if he enjoyed it.

KANDY MAN: I'd be very angry if he hadn't.

THE DOCTOR: But he's still very much alive.

KANDY MAN: You win some, you lose some.

THE DOCTOR: What will you do with him?

KANDY MAN: I'll keep trying. Practice makes perfect. Now, let's see what we've got for you.

THE DOCTOR: Just before we start, I wonder if I could ask you about something which has been worrying me. It's the executions.

KANDY MAN: What about them?

THE DOCTOR: It's just that out there nobody seems to know what method you use. I was intrigued.

KANDY MAN: I didn't realise that you were concealing an interest in the mechanics of execution, Doctor. A man after my own soft centre.

THE DOCTOR: Just curious.

KANDY MAN: Do you think we should grant him a last wish, Gilbert?

GILBERT M: Whatever you think, Kandy man.

KANDY MAN: I don't see why not.

(THE KANDY MAN  
SLAPS ONE OF THE  
PIPES, IT MAKES  
A BOOMING SOUND)

The secret's in the pipes. Vanilla Secret, in fact. Just when the victim thinks he's been pardoned it flows into the yard and smothers him. Ingenious, isn't it?

THE DOCTOR: It's depraved.

KANDY MAN: We call it the Fondant Surprise!

THE DOCTOR: Can it be stopped once it's in motion?

KANDY MAN: The foam can be diverted down another pipe. But I'm not going to tell you how. Anyway, it's hypothetical question. What reason could I possibly have for stopping an execution?

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES  
A BOTTLE OF LEMONADE  
ON A SHELF)

THE DOCTOR: Just now, you said  
'soft centre'.

KANDY MAN: Did I?

THE DOCTOR: You said 'soft centre'  
instead of heart. Exactly what is  
your heart made of?

KANDY MAN: Difficult to say. It's  
all in there somewhere. Caramel,  
sherbet, toffee, marzipan, gelling  
agents. But it's all in motion.

THE DOCTOR: A moveable feast, eh?

KANDY MAN: Very droll, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: So you're perfectly  
adapted to your environment.

KANDY MAN: Perfectly.

THE DOCTOR: Protected against  
everything, in fact, except the  
intense heat of the open stove  
behind you.

KANDY MAN: What?

THE DOCTOR: I said protected against  
everything except the intense heat  
of the open stove behind ...

KANDY MAN: Silence!

(THE KANDY MAN  
SPINS ROUND.

THE STOVE  
IS NOT OPEN  
BUT AS HE TURNS  
HE KNOCKS THE BOTTLE  
OF LEMONADE OFF THE  
SHELF, IT BREAKS  
OVER THE KANDY MAN'S  
FEET AND STICKS THEM  
TO THE GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: ... and of course, the  
adhesive qualities of carbonated  
H<sub>2</sub>O and citric acid.

(THE KANDY MAN  
TRIES TO MOVE  
AND CAN'T)

KANDY MAN: Gilbert M!

(THE DOCTOR USING  
HIS ESCAPOLOGICAL  
SKILLS, WRIGGLES  
FREE, EARL GROANS)

THE DOCTOR: Lemonade, to you.  
(TO EARL) Come on, the dream's over.  
Back to the nightmare.

(THE DOCTOR SLAPS  
EARL'S FACE  
BRISKLY TO WAKE  
HIM UP. HE STEERS  
EARL DOWN THE  
MANHOLE AND FOLLOWS  
HIM. SECONDS LATER  
HE COMES BACK UP,  
GRABS EARL'S TRUMPET  
WHICH HAD BEEN  
LEFT ON THE FLOOR,  
AND DOFFS HIS HAT  
TO THE STUCK DOWN  
KANDY MAN)

8. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE SLIDES  
DOWN THE CHUTE  
AND LANDS  
ROUGHLY ON THE  
FLOOR. SHE GETS  
UP AND LOOKS AROUND.  
SHE SEES A BOOTH  
WITH A SIGN READING  
'GET YOUR TOKENS HERE'.

THERE IS A BELL  
ON THE COUNTER,  
WHICH SHE RINGS)

ACE: Service!

(PRISCILLA P. A  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARD, JUMPS UP  
FROM BEHIND THE  
COUNTER, HER  
FUN GUN POINTING  
AT ACE)

PRISCILLA P: Serve yourself!

9. INT. PIPES.

(THE PIPE IS DARK  
AND DANK. LIQUID  
DRIPS FROM THE  
CEILING.)

THE DOCTOR IS  
EXAMINING THE WALLS  
AS HE GOES.

EARL FOLLOWS HIM.

THE DOCTOR LICKS  
HIS FINGER)

THE DOCTOR: It's a sort of  
crystallised sugar. Almost like  
a meringue. The walls are covered  
with it. I suppose the pipe must  
have carried some sort of sugar  
solution. What do you think?

EARL: (TASTING IT) No good.  
But I've tasted the real thing.

THE DOCTOR: (STILL TASTING) It's  
definitely past it's best so we can  
assume that nothing's been pumped  
down here for quite a while. I  
wonder why. So how would you  
describe the Kandy Man's confection?

EARL: It was ... it was something  
else.

(EARL FINGERS HIS  
TRUMPET AS IF  
HE'S ABOUT TO  
PLAY IT.)

THE DOCTOR SUDDENLY  
STOPS HIM AND  
INSPECTS THE CEILING)

THE DOCTOR: (WHISPERS) Not until we're out of this section.

EARL: (WHISPERS) Why are we whispering?

THE DOCTOR: There's tons of frozen syrup above us. Any sudden noise could cause ...

EARL: An ice fall.

THE DOCTOR: A candy fall.

(AS THEY MOVE ON,  
WE SEE THAT THEY  
ARE BEING FOLLOWED  
BY ONE, THEN TWO,  
THEN THREE SMALL  
SHADOWY FIGURES)

10. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS THRASHING  
AROUND, STILL  
STUCK TO THE  
FLOOR.

GILBERT M. COMES  
IN WITH A SACK)

KANDY MAN: (FURIOUS) Where have  
you been?

GILBERT M. (UNCONCERNED) Ingredients.

KANDY MAN: Leaving me to be  
humiliated. You'll suffer for this.

GILBERT M. Whatever you say,  
Kandy Man.

KANDY MAN: You'll pay for this.  
I'm going to crush you.

GILBERT M. That's it. Scream and  
shout. Rant and rave. But remember  
Kandy Man, symbiosis. You need me  
and I need me.

KANDY MAN: You need you?

GILBERT M. I need me.

KANDY MAN: I need you and you need  
you?

GILBERT M. That's what I said. And  
just as you squeeze the breath out  
of me so your Kandy hand tightens  
round your own throat.

11. INT. ARCADIA.

(PRISCILLA P. IS EXAMINING ACE'S RUCKSACK. SHE PUTS IT IN HER BOOTH AND TRAINS HER GUN ON ACE, WHO HAS HER HANDS ON HER HEAD)

PRISCILLA P: I was in Happiness Patrol 'B'. We had the night shift, eleven to seven.

ACE: I'm not interested.

PRISCILLA P: Hunted killjoys mostly.

ACE: Hunted them?

PRISCILLA P: That's when they usually come out. Depressives, Manic, reactive, endogenous, we got the lot.

ACE: What do you mean, "got them"?

PRISCILLA P: Some were taken away, don't ask me where. The others, the ones who put up a resistance, well, they were asking for it, weren't they?

ACE: (SARCASTIC) You were only doing your job.

PRISCILLA P: I did a good job. And then they sent me here. It was unfair. I knew the streets. I was a fighter.

ACE: (UNDER HER BREATH) No you weren't. You were a killer.

PRISCILLA P: So here I am.

(THERE IS A NOISE  
ABOVE THEM)

ACE: What happens to me now?

PRISCILLA P: (DISTRACTED) Chute.

ACE: (DUCKING DOWN) Shoot?

PRISCILLA P: No! Chute!

(THERE IS A  
COMMOTION AS  
SUSAN Q. SLIDES  
DOWN THE CHUTE  
INTO ARCADIA)

ACE: Susan Q!

SUSAN Q: Ace.

(PRISCILLA P. COMES  
OUT OF HER BOOTH  
AND TRAINS HER  
FUN GUN ON SUSAN Q.)

PRISCILLA P: Hello.

12. INT. THE PIPES.

(THE DOCTOR IS  
STILL LEADING  
EARL GINGERLY  
ALONG.)

SUDDENLY HE STOPS  
AND EXAMINES THE  
GROUND)

THE DOCTOR: Look at this. It's  
some kind of print.

EARL: I wonder what sort of  
creature lives down here?

(THREE PIPE PEOPLE,  
BRANDISHING SPEARS,  
AND PICKAXES, BAR  
THEIR WAY)

THE DOCTOR: His kind of creature.

13. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
ARE WANDERING  
AMONG THE MACHINES.

THEY PASS THE  
SITE OF THE  
MACHINE THE DOCTOR AND ACE  
USED TO ESCAPE  
FROM ARCADIA.

A SIGN READS  
"REMOVED FOR  
RENOVATION")

ACE: So it's all my fault.

SUSAN Q: It would have happened  
sooner or later. I'm not Helen A's  
idea of good Happiness Patrol material.  
She won't shed any tears over me.  
Let's face it, no one will. Even  
if they wanted to it wouldn't be  
allowed.

ACE: But what now?

SUSAN Q: I'll disappear along with  
the rest. Just another of  
Helen A's victims.

ACE: I won't let it happen. We'll  
escape. I'll save you.

SUSAN Q: Don't worry. I'm happy  
that it's finally over. It's  
funny that, isn't it? It's the  
first thing I've been happy about  
for ages.

14. INT. PIPES.

(IT IS DANK AND  
GLOOMY.

THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL ARE CROUCHING  
AGAINST THE WALL.  
THEY ARE GUARDED  
BY ONE OF THE  
PIPE PEOPLE HOLDING  
A SPEAR AND A  
PICKAXE)

EARL: We could make a break for it.  
You jump him, grab the poisoned  
spear, then all you've got to worry  
about is him taking a swing at your  
ankles with the pickaxe.

THE DOCTOR: What do you do?

EARL: I run like the clappers.

THE DOCTOR: I don't think so.  
Your part's too risky. Any way,  
I want to meet them.

EARL: Only trouble is, I can't  
keep up with his conversation.

(THE GUARD GESTURES  
AT HIM WITH THE  
SPEAR)

All right, all right.

THE DOCTOR: Here we are. And  
leave the talking to me.

(WULFRIC AND WENCES  
APPROACH, THEIR  
SPEARS RAISED)

WULFRIC: Stand!

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL STAND)

Weapons!

(THE DOCTOR  
TWIRLS ROUND)

THE DOCTOR: No weapons.

(WULFRIC GESTURES  
AT EARL)

WULFRIC: Weapons!

(EARL COPIES  
THE DOCTOR.  
AS HE TWIRLS  
HIS TRUMPET  
FALLS TO THE  
GROUND)

WENCES: Weapon!

EARL: Easy! It's just my horn!

(EARL PICKS UP  
THE TRUMPET AND  
PUTS IT TO HIS  
LIPS.

THE THREE PIPE  
PEOPLE DUCK DOWN,  
EXPECTING A MISSILE  
TO COME OUT OF  
THE END.

EARL PLAYS A  
FEW, SLOW, SAD  
NOTES.

THE PIPE PEOPLE  
RESPOND TO THE  
MUSIC, OBVIOUSLY  
MOVED)

WENCES: Wicked!

THE DOCTOR: What did you say?

WENCES: Wicked!

EARL: He's hip for a little guy.

THE DOCTOR: He's been taking  
lessons. So you've met my friend  
Ace?

EARL: Ace?

(WENCES SHAKES  
HIS HEAD)

WENCES: Not Ace.

WULFRIC: Brave girl.

WENCES: Captive.

THE DOCTOR: Brave girl captive.  
That sounds like Ace. If only  
she'd listen to what I tell her.

WULFRIC: Not Ace.

WENCES: Gordon.

EARL: Gordon?

THE DOCTOR: Gordon?

WENCES: Bennett!

15. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS

(HELEN A. IS  
TALKING INTO  
A MICROPHONE.

DAISY K. IS  
WITH HER)

HELEN A: Happiness will prevail.  
Happiness Patrol 'C' please assume  
positions for the first stage of a  
routine disappearance. And don't  
forget, when you smile I want to  
see thos^ teeth.

(SHE SWITCHES OFF  
THE MICROPHONE  
AND TURNS TO  
DAISY K.)

I think I'll let you handle this  
one. Joseph C's losing his grip  
and anyway, Susan Q's a friend of  
yours, isn't she?

16. INT. ARCADIA.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
ARE PLAYING THE  
MACHINES IN A  
DESULTORY WAY.

PRISCILLA P. IS  
GUARDING THEM  
WITH HER FUN GUN)

PRISCILLA P: I took them all on.  
Killjoys twice my size. Two at a  
time, even three at a time. No one  
ever got the better of me.

ACE: I wish she'd give it a rest.

SUSAN Q: (TO PRISCILLA P.)  
Only because you had a gun.

PRISCILLA P: Yes, I had a gun,  
and unlike some I could name, I  
wasn't afraid to use it.

SUSAN Q: You loved using it, didn't  
you. Any excuse.

ACE: You know her?

(PRISCILLA P.  
MOVES TOWARDS  
SUSAN Q. AND  
PRESSES THE  
FUN GUN AGAINST  
HER)

PRISCILLA P: Oh yes, we know each  
other. This is Susan Q, friend of  
the killjoy, champion of the miserable.  
Isn't that right, Susan Q? Well just  
don't try it in here or else I might  
find another excuse to use my gun.

(TWO HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
SLIDE DOWN THE  
CHUTE INTO  
ARCADIA)

PRISCILLA P: Time for you to go.

(THE TWO GUARDS  
TAKE SUSAN Q.  
AWAY)

PRISCILLA P: She was never any good.

ACE: (DEFIANTLY) I liked her.

(PRISCILLA P'S  
GAZE IS FIXED  
ON A SPOT  
BEHIND ACE)

What is it?

(PRISCILLA P.  
RAISES HER GUN)

PRISCILLA P: Over there.

(ACE SPINS ROUND,  
AND SEES WENCES  
IN A MANHOLE.

PRISCILLA P.  
FIRES AT HIM  
BUT MISSES.

A TINY SPEAR  
FLIES TOWARDS  
PRISCILLA P.  
SHE DODGES IT  
AND IT STICKS  
IN THE WALL.  
BUT WHILE SHE  
IS OFF BALANCE  
ACE GRABS HER  
RUCKSACK AND  
KNOCKS PRISCILLA P.  
DOWN WITH IT)

WENCES: Ace?

(WENCES DUCKS DOWN  
INTO THE MANHOLE)

ACE STARES FOR A  
MOMENT, THEN  
SCRAMBLES AFTER  
HIM)

17. INT. THE PIPE.

(WULFRIC LEADS  
THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL ALONG THE  
PIPE.)

WULFRIC STOPS TO  
LICK A SUGAR  
STALACTITE.

THE DOCTOR BREAKS  
A PIECE OFF AND  
TASTES IT)

THE DOCTOR: Same as before.  
(TO WULFRIC) Where do the pipes  
lead?

(THEY CONTINUE  
WALKING)

WULFRIC: Beet-domes.

EARL: Beet-domes? Some kind of  
drum?

THE DOCTOR: I think he means sugar  
beet processing plants.

EARL: Of course. The planet's  
covered with them. I saw them  
last time I was here.

THE DOCTOR: You didn't tell me  
you'd been here before.

EARL: You didn't ask. I did a  
tour of the Northern Hemisphere.  
Played gigs at all the sugar  
factories. Huge places.

THE DOCTOR: Terrible acoustics.

EARL: And terrible conditions for the workers.

THE DOCTOR: All in the name of efficiency.

EARL: Yeah. The Alphans have farmed every square centimetre of the planet. The eco-system has been destroyed, all other life forms were either wiped out or left to scrape a living as best they could.

THE DOCTOR: So that's why you live in the pipes, Wulfric?

(WULFRIC NODS)

WULFRIC: Many dead.

THE DOCTOR: But why didn't you tell me all this before, Earl? All right, I know. I didn't ask. It still doesn't explain why there's no sugar in the pipes now.

EARL: True enough.

THE DOCTOR: So lets find out.

(THE DOCTOR STOPS  
AND TAPS THE ROOF.  
IT MAKES A METALLIC  
CLANG)

Here we are. Seventh manhole on the left. I'll go first.

(HE DOFFS HIS  
HAT TO WULFRIC)

Thank you Wulfric. It has been my privilege.

18. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(TREVOR SIGMA IS  
IN THE STREET WITH  
HIS CLIPBOARD.  
HE SEES THE MAN-  
HOLE COVER MOVING.

THE DOCTOR COMES  
UP THROUGH THE  
MANHOLE)

TREVOR SIGMA: Name?

THE DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor,  
haven't we met?

TREVOR SIGMA: I'm sorry, that's  
classified information.

THE DOCTOR: You're Trevor Sigma,  
aren't you?

(TREVOR SIGMA  
FLIPS OPEN  
HIS I.D. CARD)

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Census  
Bureau. I ask the questions.

THE DOCTOR: You're with the  
Galactic Census Bureau?

TREVOR SIGMA: I'm sorry, that's  
classified information. Address?

THE DOCTOR: Which one?

TREVOR SIGMA: If you live here I need a town and a street. If you're an alien I need a home planet except when you spend more than half of the working year away, in which case I need a planet of origin.

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry that's classified information. Name?

TREVOR SIGMA: What?

THE DOCTOR: I ask the questions. Name?

TREVOR SIGMA: Trevor Sigma.

THE DOCTOR: Address?

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Centre.

(EARL POPS UP  
OUT OF THE  
MANHOLE)

EARL: What's going down?

THE DOCTOR: (TO EARL) Questionnaire.  
(TO TREVOR) Occupation?

TREVOR SIGMA: Galactic Census Bureau.  
Authorised to enter any Alphan property and interview all Alphans.

(EARL CLIMBS OUT  
OF THE MANHOLE)

EARL: I hate questionnaires.

THE DOCTOR: (TO TREVOR) Good.  
Take me to their leader.

EARL: I've got places to go,  
Doctor, I'll see you.

(EARL WANDERS OFF.  
AS HE GOES HE  
PLAYS THE SAD  
TRUMPET MUSIC)

TREVOR SIGMA: That's nice. Makes  
me feel sort of ...

THE DOCTOR: Melancholy.

TREVOR SIGMA: Yes. That's it.  
A pleasant melancholy.

19. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. STROKES  
FIFI WHILE  
DAISY K.  
REPORTS TO HER)

HELEN A: I still don't understand how Priscilla P., one of our most enthusiastic happiness crusaders, came to be overpowered by a defenceless girl.

DAISY K: The girl wasn't alone.

HELEN A: Tell me about her companions. We need that sort of spirit in the Happiness Patrol.

DAISY K: The girl was in league with a vermin.

HELEN A: Priscilla P. was defeated by a defenceless girl and a vermin? Is it a joke, Daisy K?

DAISY K: No, ma'am.

HELEN A: Where did this guerilla unit disappear to when it had dealt with Priscilla P.

DAISY K: They went down the pipes.

(FIFI GROWLS)

HELEN A: The pipes. Excellent. Fifi's been eating too many chocolates recently, haven't you, my darling. She could do with a bit of sport.

20. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS HIKING  
ALONG THE PIPE  
WEARING HER  
RUCKSACK.)

SHE COMES TO A  
JUNCTION. THERE  
IS NO-ONE ELSE  
AROUND. SHE  
STOPS)

ACE: Left or right?

(NOTHING HAPPENS)

I said left or right?

(WENCES EMERGES  
FROM THE DEPTHS  
OF ACE'S RUCKSACK  
AND PEERS OVER  
HER SHOULDER)

WENCES: Right!

(ACE TURNS RIGHT)

21. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING  
THE BLUES.

SUDDENLY WE HEAR  
A SLOW DRUMBEAT.

EARL STOPS PLAYING  
AND HIDES.

THE PROTEST MARCH  
OF SAD PEOPLE  
WEARING BLACK  
COMES ROUND THE  
CORNER.

EARL WATCHES FOR  
A FEW MOMENTS  
FROM HIS HIDING  
PLACE AND THEN  
RUNS OFF)

22. EXT. STREET WITH FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(A SHABBY BACK  
STREET.

WE CAN HEAR THE  
DEMONSTRATION IN  
THE DISTANCE,  
GETTING CLOSER AS  
THE SCENE PROGRESSES.

STAN S. AND  
SID S., TWO SNIPERS,  
ARE ASSEMBLING THEIR  
GUNS AT THE TOP OF  
A FIRE ESCAPE)

SID S: See the film last night?

STAN S: Dozed through it.

SID S: Enjoy it?

STAN S: OK, I suppose. Apart  
from the ending.

SID S: But it had a happy ending.

STAN S: Exactly. I used to enjoy  
a good cry at the end of a film.

SID S: Careful. Dangerous talk.

STAN S: But these days they're all  
happy endings. You know what's  
going to happen before it starts.  
Good girl gets the guy, bad girl  
gets the drop.

SID S: That moment when Sorella Sunbeam took out the enemy satellite. She's a real star, that one.

STAN S: That's another thing.. Why don't they make films with men in the leading roles?

SID S: You had a bad night last night, didn't you?

STAN S: I don't know why I bother to watch them.

SID S: Something to do.

STAN S: Yeah. Something to do. Speaking of which, what's on today then?

(THEY HAVE NOW  
ASSEMBLED THEIR  
GUNS)

SID S: Drones again. Demonstration.

(THE DEMONSTRATION  
COMES ROUND THE  
CORNER)

STAN S: Easy pickings.

SID S: Like taking sweets from a baby.

(THEY READY  
THEIR WEAPONS)

23. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR  
AND TREVOR  
SIGMA ARE  
WALKING DOWN  
THE STREET  
HEADING FOR  
THE PALACE)

THE DOCTOR: How many happy people  
have you found on this planet?

TREVOR SIGMA: The Bureau isn't  
concerned with emotions.

THE DOCTOR: Then the Bureau should  
go to the Kandy Kitchen.

TREVOR SIGMA: I've been there.  
Gilbert M, Kandy Kitchen, naturalised  
Alphan, confectioner and general  
factotum.

THE DOCTOR: I wasn't thinking of him.

TREVOR SIGMA: You must mean the  
Kandy Man, Kandy Kitchen, humanoid  
marshmallow mutant, confectioner and  
state executioner.

THE DOCTOR: You didn't find that  
strange, a little bit sinister.

TREVOR SIGMA: He's a statistic.

(EARL COMES INTO  
THE STREET)

EARL: (CALLING) Doctor!

TREVOR SIGMA: Who's that?

THE DOCTOR: Just another statistic.  
Hello Earl.

(EARL JOINS THEM)

EARL: There's a demonstration.

THE DOCTOR: Who are they?

EARL: They're from the sugar factories.  
It seems to be about conditions.

THE DOCTOR: So the killjoys are out  
in force.

EARL: What shall I do?

THE DOCTOR: Talk to them. Find out  
exactly what they are protesting  
about. I've got some business at  
the Palace and then I'll come and  
find you.

EARL: How will you know where I am?

THE DOCTOR: The brandy of the damned,  
of course.

EARL: What?

THE DOCTOR: Music, Earl. Play your  
trumpet for me.

24. INT. PIPE.

(ACE MAKING  
HER WAY ALONG  
THE PIPE WITH  
WENCES PEERING  
OUT OF HER  
RUCKSACK)

25. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(A SMALL GROUP  
OF HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
STANDING ABOVE  
A CLOSED MANHOLE.

ONE OF THEM HOLDS  
A SMALL BOX, LIKE  
A CAT BOX.

THEY OPEN THE  
MANHOLE. OPEN  
THE DOOR OF  
THE CAT BOX.

WE SEE FIFI IN  
THE BOX SNARLING)

26. INT. HELEN A'S SUITE.

(HELEN A. IS  
ALONE.

SHE IS LEAFING  
THROUGH A BOOK  
RATHER LIKE A  
BABY BOOK OR  
PHOTOGRAPH  
ALBUM. IT  
CONTAINS  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF  
FIFI.

AS JOSEPH C. ENTERS  
SHE SNAPS IT SHUT  
AND HIDES IT BESIDE  
THE CUSHION IN  
THE CHAIR.

JOSEPH C. USHERS  
IN TREVOR SIGMA  
AND THE DOCTOR)

JOSEPH C: It's Trevor Sigma, dear,  
and, er ...

HELEN A: Trevor Sigma! Delighted  
to see you again.

(TO THE DOCTOR)

I don't think I've had the pleasure.

THE DOCTOR: (SMOOTHLY) It's no  
pleasure, I assure you.

HELEN A: How kind.

JOSEPH C: Are you with the Bureau as well?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry, that's classified information. (TO HELEN A.) I understand you're responsible for this planet?

HELEN A: We do our best.

THE DOCTOR: And is it a happy planet?

HELEN A: I think you'll find everyone on Terra Alpha is very happy.

THE DOCTOR: Some people on Terra Alpha are very hard to find.

HELEN A: Then I'm sure Trevor will sniff them out for you, won't you, Trevor?

THE DOCTOR: (CUTTING IN) I'm sorry. He can't answer that.

HELEN A: (IGNORING HIM) I'm glad you're here, Trevor. I wanted to tell you that I've adopted the Bureau's recommendations on population control.

THE DOCTOR: Which were?

HELEN A: To control it.

TREVOR SIGMA: Not my department.

HELEN A: We've controlled the population down by a quarter.

THE DOCTOR: I'm sure you have.

HELEN A: Overcrowding has been quite eliminated.

JOSEPH C: No more queues at the Post Office.

THE DOCTOR: And you used the Bureau's programme?

HELEN A: Not quite. I found that my own programme was more effective.

(A BLEEEPER GOES  
OFF SOMEWHERE  
ON HELEN A'S  
PERSON)

Do excuse me, gentlemen. Joseph C. will look after you.

(HELEN A. LEAVES.

JOSEPH C. GOES  
TO THE SIDEBOARD  
TO GET DRINKS.

TREVOR JOINS HIM.

THE DOCTOR SETTLES  
IN HELEN A.'S  
SEAT. IT'S  
UNCOMFORTABLE  
AND WHEN HE  
INVESTIGATES,  
HE FINDS HELEN A.'S  
BOOK OF FIFI  
PHOTOGRAPHS.

HE FLICKS THROUGH  
IT)

JOSEPH C: I say, Trevor, do we have to go through with this Census business again. Things haven't changed much since you were last there.

THE DOCTOR: Haven't they?

TREVOR SIGMA: Full planetary Census every six local cycles. It's the rules.

JOSEPH C: Couldn't you ...

THE DOCTOR: No he couldn't.

JOSEPH C: Very well. A quick lemonade and then I'll show you the floral clock. How about, er (INDICATES DOCTOR) is he coming?

THE DOCTOR: He can't, I'm afraid. Prior engagement.

(THE DOCTOR GETS  
UP AND HEADS  
FOR THE DOOR TO  
THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL HEADQUARTERS)

TREVOR SIGMA: Where are you going?

THE DOCTOR: Remember, Trevor. I ask the questions.

(THE DOCTOR GOES  
OUT)

27. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS  
SITTING AT THE  
CONSOLE. ON  
THE MONITOR THERE  
IS A PICTURE  
OF THE EMPTY  
EXECUTION YARD,  
DECORATED FOR AN  
EXECUTION.

HELEN A. SPEAKS  
INTO THE MICROPHONE)

HELEN A: Routine disappearance number  
five hundred thousand and five.  
Calling Happiness Patrol Section C.  
The preparations are now complete.  
Stand by to escort Killjoy to  
Execution Yard. Happiness will prevail.

(UNSEEN BY  
HELEN A. THE  
DOCTOR HAS  
SLIPPED IN)

THE DOCTOR: Population control?

(HELEN A. SPINS  
ROUND)

HELEN A: Look. Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I'm not at  
liberty to say. And which member of  
the population are you controlling  
today? Just for the record.

HELEN A: A woman who disappointed me.

THE DOCTOR: And how did she disappoint you? No, let me guess. She enjoyed the feel of rain on her face. Or perhaps her favourite season was Autumn.

HELEN A: You talk too much. Whoever you are.

(SHE QUIETLY  
PRESSES A  
HIDDEN ALARM  
BUTTON)

THE DOCTOR: Is that a question?

HELEN A: No.

THE DOCTOR: Good. I'm the Doctor.

(HE DOFFS HIS  
HAT AND LEAVES.

HELEN A. JABS  
THE ALARM BUTTON  
SAVAGELY AGAIN.

THE DOCTOR POPS  
BACK IN)

Still no joy? I should get that seen to.

(THE DOCTOR GRABS  
A SMALL (WATER)  
FIRE EXTINGUISHER  
OFF A WALL BRACKET  
AND DASHES OUT WITH  
IT, JUST AS THE  
FIRST HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARD  
APPEARS SLIDING  
DOWN THE POLE)

28. INT. HELEN A.'S SUITE.

(JOSEPH C. AND  
TREVOR SIGMA  
STANDING AT THE  
SIDEBOARD.)

JOSEPH C. HOLDS  
A SODA-TYPE  
DRINKS SYPHON)

JOSEPH C: A touch more lemonade?

(THE DOCTOR RUNS  
IN. GRABS THE  
SYPHON)

THE DOCTOR: Thank you.

(HE RUNS OUT  
THROUGH THE  
OTHER DOOR)

JOSEPH C: Strange chap.

(HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARDS BURST  
IN, IN PURSUIT  
OF THE DOCTOR)

29. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. AT THE  
CONSOLE.

HAPPINESS-PATROL  
GUARDS COMING  
DOWN THE POLE)

HELEN A: Find the Killjoy and put  
him out of his misery. Seal the  
Palace. No more visitors. I don't  
want this unhappy incident repeated.

30. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS WALKING  
DOWN THE PIPE.

WENCES, IN THE  
RUCKSACK, IS  
PEERING OVER  
HER SHOULDER.

THEY HEAR A  
SOFT GROWLING  
SOUND IN THE  
TUNNEL)

ACE: What was that?

(THEY LOOK AROUND,  
WENCES SEES A  
MOVEMENT IN THE  
SHADOWS)

WENCES: There!

ACE: Where?

(WENCES IS  
TERRIFIED)

WENCES: Run!

(ACE RUNS DOWN  
THE PIPE, WITH  
THE FRIGHTENED  
WENCES STILL  
IN THE RUCKSACK.

AS ACE RUNS THE  
SOFT GROWLING  
GETS LOUDER AND  
LOUDER, AND MORE  
MENACING.

THERE IS  
MOVEMENT IN THE  
SHADOWS BEHIND  
ACE AND WENCES.

ACE REACHES A  
DEAD END)

ACE: Which way?

WENCES: Trapped.

(A MUCH LOUDER  
ROAR AS FIFI  
LURCHES TOWARDS  
THEM FROM OUT  
OF THE SHADOWS)

ACE: Gordon Bennett!

(FIFI PACES BACK  
AND FORTH IN  
FRONT OF HER  
PREY, FORCING  
ACE INTO A  
TIGHTER CORNER)

I don't think she's being friendly  
this time, either.

(WENCES IS  
TERRIFIED AS  
FIFI ADVANCES  
ON THEM)

The nitro! Get me the can out of  
the rucksack.

WENCES: Eh?

ACE: The can! In the bottom of  
the rucksack. And get it now.

(WENCES DIVES  
INTO THE RUCKSACK.

FIFI IS CHOOSING  
HER MOMENT FOR  
THE KILL.

WENCES POPS UP  
WITH THE CAN AND  
GIVES IT TO ACE)

WENCES: Here!

ACE: Right. Now, get down!

(FIFI POUNCES AS  
ACE THROWS THE  
CAN.

THERE IS A HUGE  
EXPLOSION)

31. EXT. STREET NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE STAGE DOORMAN,  
ERNEST P., IS IN  
HIS BOOTH.

THE DOCTOR IS  
HIDING IN THE  
ALCOVE BESIDE HIM).

ERNEST P: You want the main entrance,  
mate. Into the Forum Square, up the  
steps, can't miss it.

THE DOCTOR: I'm hiding.

ERNEST P: You need a permit to hide  
here.

THE DOCTOR: It's in my other jacket.

ERNEST P: And where's that?

THE DOCTOR: It's in my other jacket.

ERNEST P: Listen mate. Authorised  
personnel and Happiness Patrol  
candidates only. That's what the  
memo said.

THE DOCTOR: This is where they test  
the Happiness Patrol candidates?  
(cont ...)

(A GROUP OF  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARDS RUN PAST.

THE DOCTOR  
DUCKS OUT  
OF SIGHT UNTIL  
THEY'RE GONE.

HE POPS OUT  
AGAIN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Some of the  
successful applicants.

ERNEST P: Some of the few.

32. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS STILL STUCK  
TO THE FLOOR.

HE LASHES OUT  
AT GILBERT M.  
WHO IS WALKING  
ROUND HIM,  
STAYING JUST  
OUT OF HIS REACH)

KANDY MAN: What's happening to me?  
Help me!

GILBERT M: It's quite simple. Created  
out of glucose-based substances as you  
are, your joints need constant movement  
to avoid any form of coagulation.

KANDY MAN: What do you mean?

GILBERT M: You're turning into a  
slab of toffee. I saw this problem  
at the planning stage. And then I  
realised what the solution was.

KANDY MAN: (ROARING) And what was  
that?

GILBERT M: I've forgotten.

KANDY MAN: You've forgotten!

GILBERT M: But I made a note.

KANDY MAN: Luckily for you.

GILBERT M: But I lost it.

33. EXT. BLUESY STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING  
SAD MUSIC.

THE DOCTOR  
APPROACHES HIM  
WITH THE FIRE  
EXTINGUISHER AND  
SYPHON)

THE DOCTOR: (OVER THE MUSIC) What  
did you find out?

(EARL STOPS PLAYING)

EARL: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: No time for formalities.

EARL: They're striking over Happiness  
Patrol murders.

THE DOCTOR: How long have they been  
striking?

EARL: Four weeks.

THE DOCTOR: No sugar in the pipes  
for four weeks. That explains why  
Wulfric and the Pipe People are  
starving. I'll come and talk to them.

EARL: It's too dangerous. They're  
pinned down by a couple of snipers.

THE DOCTOR: I've got to go that way  
to get to the Kandy Kitchen.

EARL: (HORRIFIED) The Kandy Kitchen!

THE DOCTOR: Don't worry, I'll deal  
with the snipers first.

(THE DOCTOR PATS  
HIM ON THE SHOULDER)

34. INT. THE PIPE.

(ACE IS RUNNING  
FAST ALONG THE  
PIPE.

WENCES IS PEERING  
OVER HER SHOULDER  
FROM THE RUCKSACK)

WENCES: No!

ACE: What are you moaning about  
now?

WENCES: Voompip!

ACE: Voompip?

WENCES: Thompip!

ACE: Thompip?

WENCES: Boompip!

ACE: Boompip!

(ACE SLIPS AND  
THEY FALL INTO  
THE DOOMPIPE, USED FOR  
THE KANDY MAN'S  
EXECUTIONS)

WENCES: Doompipe!

ACE: Doompipe! Why didn't you tell me?

(WENCES AND ACE  
CONTINUE SLIDING  
DOWN THE DOOMPIPE)

35. EXT. THE TOP OF THE FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT.

(SID S. AND STAN S.  
ARE PEERING DOWN THE  
SIGHTS OF THEIR  
WEAPONS)

STAN S: See anything?

SID S: They've all gone to ground.

(THEY LOWER  
THEIR FUN GUNS)

STAN S: I don't mind. Good luck  
to them.

SID S: I'm worried about you, Stan.  
Wait a minute though. There's one  
of them.

(WE LOOK DOWN  
AND SEE THE DOCTOR  
RUNNING ACROSS THE  
STREET WITH THE  
FIRE EXTINGUISHER  
AND SYPHON)

I think he's making a gloriously  
futile gesture.

(HE RAISES HIS  
GUN)

All right. I'll get him. I always  
feel better with one under my belt.

(STAN S. KNOCKS  
SID S.'S GUN  
ASIDE)

STAN S: Wait! He's not a drone.

SID S: You're turning into a right  
killjoy, aren't you. I'm going to  
have to report you.

(THE DOCTOR HAS  
REACHED THE BOTTOM,  
OF THE FIRE ESCAPE  
AND IS NOW CLAMBERING  
UP.

SID S. AND STAN S.  
CONTINUE TO FIGHT  
OVER THE GUN.

SID S. BREAKS FREE  
AND AIMS AT THE DOCTOR)

Come to Momma, killjoy!

(THE DOCTOR HALTS  
IN MIDSTRIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Sorella Sunbeam.

(SID S. AND STAN S.  
EXCHANGE A PUZZLED  
LOOK)

SID S: What?

THE DOCTOR: "Come to Momma". Sorella  
Sunbeam in that film where she takes  
out the enemy satellite.

(SID LOWERS  
THE GUN)

SID S: It was great wasn't it?

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I like a nice happy ending myself.

STAN S: (TO SID) Who is this guy?

THE DOCTOR: A happy ending where the old buddies who've fallen out realise they need each other after all and shake hands on it. (PAUSE) Go ahead ...

(SID S. AND STAN S.  
SHAKE HANDS.)

THE DOCTOR TAKES  
THEIR GUNS)

And they decide they don't want anything more to do with guns.

(HE THROWS THE  
GUNS OVER THE  
SIDE OF THE FIRE  
ESCAPE)

And finally they say goodbye to the mysterious stranger.

(HE DOFFS  
HIS HAT)

Goodbye.

(HE GOES)

36. EXT. EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(THE EXECUTION YARD  
IS DECORATED AS IF  
FOR A PARTY.

SUSAN Q. IS STANDING  
UNDER THE HUGE  
PIPE DOMINATING  
THE YARD, WITH THE  
FUN GUNS OF THREE  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
AIMED AT HER.

DAISY K. IS  
READING A DOCUMENT.  
SHE PUTS ON A BRIGHTLY  
COLOURED CAP)

DAISY K: And so you are sentenced  
to the severest penalty decreed by  
Helen A.

SUSAN Q: I'm glad.

DAISY K: I'm happy you're glad.  
Patrol dismissed!

37. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS  
WATCHING THE SCENE  
IN THE EXECUTION YARD  
ON A MONITOR.

SHE SEES THE  
FIRING SQUAD  
SHOULDER THEIR  
RIFLES AND MARCH  
OUT OF THE YARD)

HELEN A: Excellent! The Fondant  
Surprise.

(SHE PREESES A  
BUTTON ON THE  
CONSOLE. SHE  
POPS A SWEET INTO  
HER MOUTH AND SETTLES  
BACK TO WATCH)

38. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS STILL STUCK  
TO THE FLOOR)

GILBERT M: It's something to do  
with the density of sugar.

(ON A NEARBY SHELF  
A LIGHT IN A SKULL  
STARTS FLASHING  
AND A SHORT FANFARE  
PLAYS)

We seem to have an execution. Shall  
I oblige since you're bogged down?

KANDY MAN: Just get me unstuck!

(GILBERT M. TURNS  
A SMALL METAL  
WHEEL.

THE PIPES CLANK  
AND CREAK AS THE  
ELABORATE MENCHANISM  
OF THE FONDANT  
SURPRISE BEGINS TO  
WORK)

39. INT. THE PIPES.

(ACE AND WENCES  
ARE CLAMBERING DOWN,  
SLIDING AND SLIPPING.

FAR BEHIND THEY  
HEARD GURGLING NOISES  
AND THE PIPES SHAKING  
AS THE FOAM BEGINS  
ITS JOURNEY.

ACE REALISES THEY  
HAVE VERY LITTLE  
TIME AND HURRIES ON)

40. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES  
IN WITH THE  
FIRE EXTINGUISHER  
AND THE LEMONADE  
SYPHON.

HE SETS THE  
SYPHON ASIDE)

THE DOCTOR: Don't let the Happiness  
Patrol catch you looking like that,  
Kandy Man. Come on, let's have a  
smile.

KANDY MAN: Unstick me!

THE DOCTOR: I'll unstick you if  
you divert the flow!

(THE KANDY MAN  
GRINDS HIS TEETH,  
THINKING IT OVER)

KANDY MAN: It's a deal.

(THE DOCTOR SQUIRTS  
WATER FROM THE  
FIRE EXTINGUISHER  
OVER THE KANDY MAN'S  
FEET, FREEING  
THEM FROM THE  
FLOOR.

GILBERT M. EXAMINES  
THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER)

GILBERT M: Of course! I remember now. Water! Now, where are my notes?

(GILBERT M.  
RUSHES OUT.

THE KANDY MAN  
PULLS ON A GIANT  
LEVER )

41. INT. THE PIPES.

(ACE IS IN SIGHT  
OF THE END OF THE  
PIPE. SHE IS  
DESPERATELY  
STRUGGLING DOWN AS  
THE SOUND OF THE  
FOAM CRESCENDOES  
BEHIND HER)

42. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS WATCHING  
THE MONITOR PICTURE  
OF THE EXECUTION  
YARD.

DAISY K. AND  
SUSAN Q. ARE STILL  
STANDING THERE.

NOTHING IS HAPPENING)

HELEN A: Come on. Come on!

(JOSEPH C. USHERS  
TREVOR SIGMA  
INTO THE ROOM)

JOSEPH C: (WHISPERING) It's Trevor,  
dear. He has a few questions for  
you.

HELEN A: Not now.

43. EXT. THE EXECUTION YARD. NIGHT.

(DAISY K. AND SUSAN Q.  
AS BEFORE. A GREAT  
RUSHING NOISE FROM  
THE PIPE.

SUDDENLY ACE DIVES  
OUT OF THE END OF  
THE PIPE ONTO  
SUSAN Q. KNOCKING  
HER AND DAISY K.  
ASIDE.

WENCES TUMBLES OUT  
OF THE RUCKSACK AND  
SLIPS DOWN A MANHOLE)

ACE: Get down!

44. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
PUSHES THE FINAL  
LEVER TO ABORT  
THE FLOW OF THE  
FONDANT SURPRISE)

45. EXT. EXECUTION YARD.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
ARE HUDDLING TOGETHER  
TO PROTECT THEMSELVES  
AND WAIT FOR THE  
FOAM TO GUSH OUT  
OF THE PIPE.

SUDDENLY THE  
GREAT RUSHING NOISE  
SUBSIDES AND  
THERE IS A GURGLE.

A SMALL TRICKLE  
OF FOAM COMES OUT  
OF THE PIPE.

DAISY K. TURNS HER  
FUN GUN ON ACE AND  
SUSAN Q.)

46. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS  
WATCHING ON THE  
MONITOR.

JOSEPH C. AND  
TREVOR SIGMA STAND  
BEHIND HER)

HELEN A: They'll suffer for this.  
And only when they're screaming to  
go back under the pipe will I oblige.

TREVOR SIGMA: No

HELEN A: What?

TREVOR SIGMA: You can't.

HELEN A: What do you mean?

TREVOR SIGMA: Constitutional rules  
of the system. When the mechanics  
of an execution malfunction then  
the afore-mentioned execution may  
not be repeated.

JOSEPH C: I say. What a nuisance.

HELEN A: So they are now protected  
from the Fondant Surprise.

TREVOR SIGMA: Rules of the system.

(HELEN A. RISES  
AND APPROACHES  
TREVOR)

HELEN A: (DANGEROUSLY) The rules of the system?

TREVOR SIGMA: Which further go on to say that an alternative execution may be substituted.

HELEN A: Fine. The Forum.

47. INT. THE KANDY KITCHEN.

(THE KANDY MAN  
IS JUST FINISHING  
REDIRECTING THE  
FLOW.

HE TURNS BACK  
TO THE DOCTOR)

KANDY MAN: So you trusted me, then,  
Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: But of course.

KANDY MAN: Very wise, too. I am  
A Kandy Man of my word. But now our  
bargain is over it's time to kill  
you.

(THE KANDY MAN  
ADVANCES ON  
THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Oh dear. I was afraid  
you might say that. Ah well, here  
we go again.

(THE DOCTOR LIFTS  
HIS LEMONADE SYPHON  
AND SPRAYS IT OVER  
THE FEET OF THE  
KANDY MAN, WHO IS  
STUCK DOWN  
AGAIN)

KANDY MAN: No! Gilbert! Gilbert!

(THE DOCTOR DOFFS  
HIS HAT AND LEAVES)

48. INT. HAPPINESS PATROL HEADQUARTERS.

(HELEN A. IS  
INTERVIEWING ACE  
AND SUSAN Q. WHO  
IS GUARDED BY DAISY K.

JOSEPH C. STANDS  
TO ONE SIDE)

HELEN A: I was lucky enough to see  
your double act today. I hated it.  
But you were lucky too.

ACE: I'm not frightened of you.  
You or your pet ferret.

HELEN A: And so you'll be giving  
your performance again, for the very  
last time, at the forum tonight.

ACE: I'm nobody's performing dog.  
Not yours, not nobody's.

HELEN A: That, Ace Sigma, is just  
where you're wrong. Joseph!

(JOSEPH C. RUSHES  
FORWARD WITH A BIG  
OLD-FASHIONED CAMERA  
WITH A LARGE FLASH-  
BULB)

JOSEPH C: A big smile, now, ladies!

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
GRIMACE AT THE  
CAMERA.

THE FLASHBULB FLASHES)

49. INT. THE PIPE.

(WULFRIC IS CROUCHED  
IN THE PIPE WITH  
THE OTHER PIPE  
PEOPLE.

A NOISE ALERTS  
THEM AND THEY  
RAISE THEIR  
SPEARS.

WENCES LIMPS OUT  
OF THE SHADOWS.

WULFRIC LOWERS HIS  
SPEAR.

AS THEY MOVE OFF  
DOWN THE PIPE  
HE SEES THAT A  
BEDRAGGLED FIFI  
HAS BEEN WATCHING  
THEM FROM THE  
SHADOWS.

FIFI FOLLOWS THEM)

50. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.

(EARL IS PLAYING  
THE BLUES WITH  
A HAT AT HIS FEET.

ANOTHER HAT FLIES  
THROUGH THE AIR  
AND LANDS NEXT TO  
EARL'S.

IT'S THE DOCTOR'S.

THE DOCTOR WALKS  
OVER AND PICKS  
UP BOTH HATS.

AS HE JOINS EARL,  
A MAN IN OVERALLS  
ARRIVES AND SILENTLY  
BEGINS PUTTING UP  
A POSTER ON THE WALL  
BEHIND THEM.

THE DOCTOR INSPECTS  
EARL'S HAT. THERE'S  
NO MONEY IN IT)

EARL: It's been a quiet night.

THE DOCTOR: It's been busy for me.

EARL: So what now?

THE DOCTOR: I've lost my friend,  
Ace ... (cont ...)

(THE POSTER HAS  
NOW BEEN OPENED ON  
THE WALL BEHIND THEM,  
REVEALING A CLOSE UP  
PHOTOGRAPH OF ACE,  
A CANDID SHOT RATHER  
THAN A GLAMOUR POSE.

IN FACT IT IS  
JOSEPH C.'S PHOTOGRAPH;  
AND THE WORDS  
"TONIGHT AT THE FORUM".

THE DOCTOR TURNS  
AND TAKES THIS  
IN)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Only I think  
I know where I can find her.

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES  
OFF FOLLOWED BY  
EARL)

51. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(DAISY K. AND A  
DETACHMENT OF  
HAPPINESS PATROL  
GUARDS MARCHING  
ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
TOWARDS THE FORUM)

52. EXT. STREET. NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL RUSH UP TO  
ERNEST P.'S BOOTH)

THE DOCTOR: When's the show?

ERNEST P.: In five minutes. You'll catch it if you're quick.

THE DOCTOR: Five minutes! So why are the posters only going up now?

ERNEST P.: They're just for the show. We always have a full house because attendance is compulsory.

THE DOCTOR: You mean you've got a captive audience.

53. EXT. FORUM SQUARE. NIGHT.

(FURTHER ALONG THE  
STREET A SMALL  
QUEUE ARE WAITING  
TO GO INTO THE  
FORUM, GUARDED BY  
THE HAPPINESS PATROL.

AT THE DOOR A MAN  
AND WOMAN ARE STOPPED  
BY PRISCILLA P.  
WITH TWO HAPPINESS  
PATROL ASSISTANTS)

PRISCILLA P: What's the definition  
of a polygon?

(THE MAN AND  
WOMAN LOOK  
BLANK)

A dead parrot!

(THE COUPLE LAUGH  
UPROARIOUSLY)

They're OK.

(THE COUPLE ARE  
USHERED INSIDE BY  
THE HAPPINESS PATROL.

ANOTHER COUPLE TAKE  
THEIR PLACE AT  
THE HEAD OF THE  
QUEUE)

What's the definition of a polygon?  
(cont ...)

(THE COUPLE  
LOOK BLANK)

PRISCILLA P: (cont) A plane figure  
contained by more than four sides.

(THE COUPLE  
LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY)

They're faking. Take them away.

(THE COUPLE ARE  
CARTED OFF BY THE  
HAPPINESS PATROL)

54. EXT. STREET NEXT TO FORUM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND  
EARL AT THE STAGE  
DOOR WITH ERNEST P)

THE DOCTOR: (TO EARL) Go back to  
the demonstrators and bring them  
to the Forum.

EARL: What if they don't want to  
come?

THE DOCTOR: You'll find a way.  
I'll meet you here.

(EARL LEAVES.)

THE DOCTOR GOES  
TO ERNEST P)

I need to know if one of tonight's  
artistes is in the Forum yet.

ERNEST P: I'll just have a look  
at my list.

THE DOCTOR: She's called Ace.

ERNEST P: I can't do anything until  
I find my list, now, can I? I put  
it down here somewhere. (cont ...)

(THREE HAPPINESS  
PATROL GUARDS  
COME OUT OF THE  
STAGE DOOR HAULING  
A BODY BAG)

ERNEST P: (cont) Oh dear. Doesn't look as if Daphne S. went down too well, does it.

(TWO OF THE GUARDS  
DUMP THE BCDY  
BAG INTO A SKIP  
WHILE THE THIRD  
IS APPLYING  
PINK PAINT TO  
OBLITERATE A  
POSTER.

IT IS ONE OF A  
LONG LINE OF PINKED-  
OUT POSTERS.

SHE WRITES "R.I.P." ON  
IT.

THE ONLY REMAINING  
POSTER HAS THE  
PHOTOGRAPH OF  
ACE ON IT)

55. EXT. SECOND STREET. NIGHT.

(ACE AND SUSAN Q.  
BEING FROGMARCHED  
BY DAISY K.  
AND THE HAPPINESS  
PATROL)

DAISY K: Big smiles, girls. Showtime  
soon.

FADE OUT